

## **One Afternoon in Paradise** by **Luddleston**

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**Summary:**

Zagreus deserves a bit of gentleness from time to time. He finds it between Achilles and Patroclus, during a moment of respite in Elysium.

## One Afternoon in Paradise

### Author's Note:

Actual words I said as I was googling romance options in Hades furiously because I didn't know they existed when I started playing this game: "damn, I can't date Achilles. OOH but I can find him his husband! Threeway."

This is the rarest rarepair I have written for, if you go by the fact that there are TWO FICS. but hopefully more people join me?

The grass that carpeted the rolling hills of Elysium was cool under Zagreus' skin where he lay, stripped bare and wedged between two bodies, with four hands and a pair of mouths roaming his skin, drawing yet another helpless noise from between his lips.

Shades though they may have been, Achilles and Patroclus were vital as could be, Patroclus' mouth firm and warm against his as he kissed Zagreus again, Achilles' breath in his ear as he whispered encouragement. *"That's it, lad, don't hold back, show him how eager you are for our touch."* Zagreus was no innocent, that was certain, but it was beyond rare to find this kind of soft, unguarded pleasure in the Underworld. He was rather unused to being treated this gently. It proved overwhelming.

He had no choice but to allow himself to sink into their arms, and the longer they touched him, the more willing Zagreus was to express openly his enjoyment of their attentions.

A breeze stirred up the embers on his soles, but Zagreus felt as though all of him was alight from within as Achilles reached around Zagreus' hip to stroke his cock. Patroclus took Zagreus' sharp inhale as a chance to lick into his mouth, his movements perfectly timed to Achilles'. One more little action that proved how in tune the two of them were, eternal lovers, willing to share some of that affection with their wayward Prince. The thought of it made him clutch Patroclus tighter to him, his hands feeling unusually small against Patroclus' broad shoulders.

"He's ever so responsive, love," Achilles said, his sweet voice even softer as he kissed Zagreus just behind the shell of his ear, where laurel leaves tangled with his hair. Patroclus didn't stop kissing him to respond, the soft noise of assent he made enough to acknowledge Achilles' observations.

They seemed determined to take him apart slowly, heavy hands weighing down his impatience, holding him tight so he couldn't bring himself off rubbing against Patroclus' hip. Zagreus rarely did anything slowly, mostly because his day-to-day contained a lot of killing and dying and neither were pleasant when they took a long while. It was an unexpected blessing, like a boon from the gods, to be allowed to take his time. He didn't know quite what to do with such a gift.

Patroclus pulled away from his mouth when Achilles leaned over, his hair tickling Zagreus' cheek like the faintest brush of silk. He said something into Patroclus' ear. Zagreus couldn't quite catch it, but he heard Patroclus' response of, "yes, I do think he'd like that."

Fuzzy with a haze of lust like the fog that billowed from under Elysium's ground, Zagreus took a moment to realize they were speaking about him. "I'd like what?" he asked, once he remembered how to use his tongue to speak.

"I thought you might be amenable to me taking you," Achilles said, as easily as he would have suggested Zagreus join him for training with a spear, his fingers between Zagreus' legs shifting to make his meaning explicit.

"I... yes. yes." Zagreus didn't need to answer in so many words, as the way his breath rushed out of him all at once and his body canted into Achilles' touch was a clear affirmative.

"Hold still," Patroclus said, because he hadn't known Zagreus long enough to know that was an impossible ask. He'd produced a bottle from somewhere, and although Zagreus being more than mortal meant his body didn't need to be quite as thoroughly prepared, the soft, practiced touch was pleasurable nonetheless. Patroclus' oiled fingers filled him at a steady pace, and it had Zagreus wondering how often he'd done this to Achilles, when

they'd been alive, what all the nights they'd spent together had looked like. If they'd made love like this, slow and gentle, or if they'd been subsumed by passion, bodies hot for one another and pressed so close it was as though they were as one.

The thought alone made Zagreus clutch at Patroclus' chest, a soft whine breaking at the back of his throat.

"Good, isn't it?" Achilles asked, which only made the picture of the two of them joined together, taking their pleasure in each other's bodies all the more clearer in Zagreus' mind.

Zagreus pressed his forehead to Patroclus' collarbone, but Achilles pulled him away after a moment, a firm hand on his chin turning his head so that he could meet Achilles' mouth. Earlier, when they'd first begun propositioning him, Achilles had kissed him with such softness he'd barely felt it. Now, heat and pressure molded Achilles' mouth to his, and Zagreus could feel Achilles' cock pressed against the curve of his ass, just below where Patroclus' fingers fucked him at a maddeningly steady pace.

Achilles' hand traced down the length of Zagreus' body once more, just the barest touch of his fingertips running over Zagreus' hip and up the underside of his cock. Much more of this, Zagreus thought, and he'd be reduced to begging—that is, if his mouth wasn't otherwise occupied. The taste of Achilles' lips, sweet from the nectar Zagreus had gifted him with, was so lovely, he'd rather savor it forever than speak again.

He thought perhaps Achilles gave Patroclus some kind of signal, but he was distracted chasing after Achilles' kiss as he pulled away. Patroclus' fingers stroked him once more before pulling out, his hand settling on Zagreus' thigh, still slick. Achilles kissed Zagreus once more, on his jaw, and Patroclus spread his legs for Achilles to slot up behind him and—oh.

Despite the leisurely pace they'd been going at, Zagreus had expected things to speed up once they started fucking, but the slow stretch of Achilles' cock filling him made his insides burn even hotter than a quick, hard fuck would have. It was all-encompassing, maybe because as Achilles fucked into him from behind, Patroclus gathered Zagreus against his chest,

his cock rutting against Zagreus' as the three of them moved together in a rhythm as steady as waves on a distant shore.

His head lolled back onto Achilles' shoulder, the grass beneath them tickling his temple, and his eyes opened just in time to see Achilles pull Patroclus into a kiss, not quite so gentle as those he'd been bestowing Zagreus with. Zagreus delighted in having a front-row view to the way Achilles' teeth dug into Patroclus' lower lip, the scratch of Patroclus' beard against Achilles' smooth-shaven chin. Zagreus rocked back into Achilles' next thrust, pushing him just the barest bit deeper, and it made Achilles gasp into the kiss.

Zagreus reveled in the reaction he'd drawn from Achilles, and the two of them returned their focus to him, mouths on his throat, his collarbone, hands on his hips and chest and thigh. "He feels incredible," Achilles informed Patroclus.

It didn't require an answer from him, but Zagreus said, "you do, too," anyway.

"Good lad," Achilles crooned, the praise making all of Zagreus' breath rush out of his lungs, his eyes rolling closed.

Achilles didn't miss the effect of his words, and he continued to pay Zagreus compliments between gentle kisses and unhurried, deep fucking. He told Zagreus how incredible he felt, how lovely his voice sounded as he moaned and sighed their names, how well he took it. Patroclus joined in, called him *beautiful*—Zagreus knew what beautiful looked like, and he hardly agreed, but in that moment, he couldn't deny them anything.

Near the end, all that careful resolve broke down, the three of them abandoning themselves to pleasure and drawing each other to the edge. Even facing down all the terrors of the Underworld, Zagreus didn't think his heart had ever beat so hard. His fingertips dug into Patroclus' side hard enough to bruise, except that one couldn't exactly bruise a shade, and he pressed his face to Patroclus' collarbone, anything to anchor himself as he was flung over the edge into orgasm, Achilles talking sweetly into his ear the whole while.

They settled together into a sticky, sated heap afterward, and Zagreus couldn't keep the smile off his face. Once he regained some dexterity, he began to comb his fingers through Achilles' hair, satisfying a silly urge he'd held onto for years now.

"Alright, there?" Achilles asked him, his knuckles brushing Zagreus' cheek.

"Mm," he agreed, "best time I've had in Elysium, honest. Don't tell Theseus I said that, he'll be angry that being offed by him wasn't the highlight of my latest escape attempt." It startled a laugh out of Patroclus, who was tracing the line of Zagreus's sternum.

"I'm glad we could bring you some relief, Zagreus," he said, and it would have felt too formal if it wasn't for the fondness in his voice and in his eyes.

It had been what they'd offered, and it had been exactly what he needed: some time, short as it may have been, to be cared for.

### **Author's Note:**

I am on twitter @luddlestons if you wanna drop by and hear me yelling about my Hades adventure and drawing Zag in flower crowns. ye.